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THE  
UNIVERSAL PASSION.

SATIRE I.

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TO BE GIVEN

UNIVERSAL PASSION

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THE  
UNIVERSAL PASSION.  
SATIRE I.

To His GRACE the  
DUKE of DORSET.

-----*Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quàm  
Virtutis.*

Juv. Sat. 10.

*Edward Young*



L O N D O N:

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# SATIRE I.

To His GRACE the

DUKE of DORSET.



MY Verse is Satire; DORSET, lend your ear,  
And Patronize a Muse You cannot Fear.  
To Poets sacred is a DORSET's name,  
Their wonted Passport thro' the Gates of  
It Bribes the partial Reader into Praise, [Fame;  
And throws a Glory round the shelter'd lays;  
The dazzled Judgment fewer Faults can see,  
And gives applause to B----e, or to Me.



But You decline the Mistress we pursue ;  
Others are fond of *Fame*, but *Fame* of You.

INSTRUCTIVE Satire, true to Virtue's cause !  
Thou shining Supplement of publick Laws !  
When *Flatter'd Crimes* of a licentious age  
Reproach our Silence, and demand our Rage ;  
When *Purchas'd Follies* from each distant land,  
Like Arts, Improve in *Britain's* skilful hand ;  
When the *Law* shews her teeth, but dares not Bite,  
And *South-Sea* Treasures are not brought to light ;  
When *Churchmen* Scripture for the Classics quit,  
Polite Apostates from God's Grace to Wit ;  
When men grow Great from their Revenue spent,  
And fly from Bayliffs into Parliament ;  
When dying Sinners, to blot out their Score,  
Bequeath the Church the Leavings of a Whore ;  
To chafe our Spleen when Themes like these increase,  
Shall Panegyrick reign, and Censure cease ?

Shall Poesy, like Law, turn wrong to right,  
And Dedications wash an *Æthiop* white,



Set up each senseless wretch for Nature's boast,  
 On whom Praise shines as Trophies on a Post?  
 Shall Funeral Eloquence her Colours spread,  
 And scatter Roses on the Wealthy Dead?  
 Shall Authors smile on these Illustrious days,  
 And Satyrize with nothing---but their Praise?

Why slumbers *Pope*, who leads the tuneful Train,  
 Nor hears that Virtue, which He loves, complain?  
*Donne*, *Dorset*, *Dryden*, *Rochester* are dead,  
 And Guilt's chief Foe in *Addison* is fled;  
*Congreve*, who crown'd with Laurels fairly won,  
 Sits smiling at the Goal while Others run,  
 He will not Write; and (more provoking still!)  
 Ye Gods! He will not write, and *Mævius* will.

Doubly distressed, what Author shall we find  
 Discreetly Daring, and Severely Kind,  
 The Courtly \* *Roman's* shining path to tread,  
 And sharply Smile prevailing Folly dead?  
 Will no superior Genius snatch the quill,  
 And save me, on the Brink, from Writing Ill?  
 Tho' vain the Strife, I'll strive my voice to raise.  
 What will not men attempt for sacred Praise?

The

\* *Horace.*



The *Love of Praise*, howe'er conceal'd by art,  
 Reigns more, or less, and glows in every heart:  
 The Proud to gain it toils on toils endure,  
 The Modest shun it, but to make it sure.  
 O'er Globes, and Scepters, now, on Thrones it swells,  
 Now, trims the midnight Lamp in College-cells.  
 'Tis Tory, Whig; it Plots, Prays, Preaches, Pleads,  
 Harangues in Senates, Squeaks in Masquerades.  
 Here, to S---e's Humour makes a bold pretence,  
 There, bolder aims at P---y's Eloquence.  
 It aids the Dancer's heel, the Writer's head,  
 And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;  
 Nor ends with Life; but nods in fable Plumes,  
 Adorns our Herse, and Flatters on our Tombs.

What is not *Proud*? The *Pimp* is Proud to see  
 So many like himself in high degree:  
 The *Whore* is proud her beauties are the dread  
 Of peevish Virtue, and the Marriage-bed;  
 And the brib'd *Cuckold*, like crown'd Victims born  
 To slaughter, glories in his Gilded Horn.

Some



Some go to Church, *Proud* humbly to repent,  
 And come back much more guilty than they went :  
 One way they Look, another way they Steer,  
 Pray to the Gods ; but would have Mortals hear ;  
 And when their Sins they set sincerely down,  
 They'll find that their Religion has been One.

Others with wishful eyes on *Glory* look,  
 When they have got their *Picture* tow'rs a book,  
 Or pompous *Title*, like a gawdy Sign  
 Meant to betray dull Sots to wretched Wine.  
 If at his Title *T---* had dropt his quill,  
*T---* might have past for a great Genius still ;  
 But *T---* alas ! (excuse him, if you can)  
 Is now a Scribbler, who was once a Man.

Imperious Some a Classic *Fame* demand,  
 For heaping up with a laborious hand  
 A Waggon-load of meanings for One word,  
 While *A*'s Depos'd, and *B* with pomp Restor'd.

Some for *Renown* on scraps of Learning doat,  
 And think they grow Immortal as they *Quote*.  
 To Patch-work learn'd Quotations are ally'd,  
 Both strive to make our Poverty our Pride.



On *Glass* how witty is a noble Peer?  
 Did ever Diamond cost a man so Dear?

Polite Diseases make some Ideots *vain*,  
 Which, if unfortunately well, they Feign.

On Death-beds some in conscious Glory lye,  
 Since of the Doctor in the mode they die;  
 Whose wond'rous skill is, Headsman-like, to know  
 For better Pay to give a surer Blow.

Of Folly, Vice, Disease, men proud we see;  
 And (stranger still!) of Blockhead's Flattery,  
 Whose Praise Defames; as if a Fool shoud mean  
 By spitting on your face to make it Clean.

Nor is't enough all hearts are swoln with *Pride*,  
 Her Power is mighty, as her Realm is wide.  
 What can she not perform? The Love of Fame  
 Made bold *Alphonsus* his Creator blame,  
*Empedocles* hurl'd down the burning Steep,  
 And (stronger still!) made *Alexander* weep.  
 Nay, it holds *Delia* from a second Bed,  
 Tho' her lov'd Lord has four half months been dead.

This



This Passion with a Pimple have I seen  
 Retard a Cause, and give a Judge the spleen.  
 By *this* inspir'd (O! ne'er to be forgot)  
 Some Lords have learnt to Spell, and some to Knot.  
 It makes *Globose* a Speaker in the House;  
 He Hems, and is Deliver'd of his Mouse;  
 It makes *Dear Self* on well-bred tongues prevail,  
 And *I* the *Little Hero* of each Tale.

Sick with the *Love of Fame* what throngs pour in,  
 Unpeople Court, and leave the Senate thin?  
 My growing Subject seems but just begun,  
 And, Chariot-like, I kindle as I run.  
 Aid me, great *Homer*! with thy *Epic* rules  
 To take a Catalogue of *British* Fools.  
 Satire, had I thy *Dorset's* force divine,  
 A Knave, or Fool shou'd perish in each line;  
 Tho' for the First all *Westminster* should plead,  
 And for the Last all *Gresham* intercede.

Begin. Who first the *Catalogue* shall grace?  
 To *Quality* belongs the highest place.

My



My Lord comes forward; forward let him come!  
 Ye Vulgar! at your peril give him room:  
 He stands for *Fame* on his Forefathers' feet,  
 By Heraldry prov'd Valiant, or Discreet.  
 With what a decent pride he throws his eyes  
 Above the man by Three Descents less Wise?  
 If Virtues at his noble hands you crave,  
 You bid him raise his Fathers from the grave.  
 Men should press forward in Fame's glorious chace,  
 Nobles look *backward*, and so lose the Race.

Let high Birth triumph! What can be more great?  
 Nothing—but Merit in a low estate.

To Virtue's humblest Son let none prefer  
 Vice, tho' descended from the Conqueror.  
 Shall Men, like *Figures*, pass for high, or base,  
 Slight, or important, only by their Place?  
 Titles are marks of Honest men, and Wise;  
 The Fool, or Knave that wears a Title, Lies.

They that on glorious Ancestors inlarge,  
 Produce their Debt instead of their Discharge.  
*Dorset*, let those who proudly boast their Line,  
 Like Thee, in worth Hereditary shine.



Vain as false Greatness is, the Muse must own  
 We want not fools to buy that *Bristol* Stone.  
 Mean Sons of Earth, who on a *South-sea* tyde  
 Of full success swam into Wealth, and Pride,  
 Knock with a purse of Gold at *Anstis'* gate,  
 And beg to be Descended from the Great:

When Men of Infamy to Grandeur soar,  
 They light a Torch to shew their shame the more.  
 Those Governments which curb not Evils, cause;  
 And a rich Knave's a Libel on our Laws.

*Belus* with solid *Glory* will be crown'd;  
 He buys no Phantome, no vain empty sound,  
 But *Builds* himself a name; and to be great,  
 Sinks in a Quarry an immense estate;  
 In cost and grandeur *Ch—dos* he'll out-do,  
 And, *B—l—ton*, thy Taste is not so true.  
 The Pile is finisht, every toil is past,  
 And full Perfection is arriv'd at last;  
 When lo! my Lord to some small Corner runs,  
 And leaves State-rooms to Strangers, and to Duns.



The man who Builds, and wants wherewith to pay,  
 Provides a Home from which to run away.  
 In *Britain* what is many a lordly Seat  
 But a Discharge in full for an estate?

In smaller compass lyes *Pygmalion's* Fame;  
 Not Domes, but Antique Statues are his Flame.  
 Not *F--t--n's* self more *Parian* charms has known;  
 Nor is good *P--b--ke*, more in love with Stone.  
 The Bayliffs come (rude men, prophanely bold!)  
 And bid him turn his *Venus* into gold.  
 "No, Sirs, he crys, I'll sooner rot in Jayl.  
 "Shall *Grecian* Arts be truckt for *English* Bayl?"  
 Such Heads might make their very *Busto's* laugh.  
 His Daughter starves, but \* *Cleopatra's* safe.

Men overloaded with a large estate  
 May spill their treasure in a nice Conceit;  
 The Rich may be Polite, but Oh! 'tis sad  
 To say you're Curious, when we swear you're Mad.  
 By your Revenue measure your expence,  
 And to your Funds and Acres joyn your Sense:

\* *A famous Statue.*



No man is blest by Accident, or Guess,  
 True Wisdom is the price of Happiness;  
 Yet few without long Discipline are sage,  
 And Youth does only lay up sighs for Age.

But how, my Muse, canst thou resist so long  
 The bright temptation of the Courtly throng,  
 Thy most inviting Theme? the *Court* affords  
 Much food for Satire, it abounds in Lords.

“ What Lords are those saluting with a grin? ”

One is just *out*, and One as lately *in*.

“ How comes it then to pass we see preside

“ On both their Brows an equal share of Pride? ”

Pride, that impartial passion, reigns thro’ all,

Attends our Glory, nor deserts our Fall.

As in its Home, it triumphs in High-place,

And frowns a haughty Exile in Disgrace.

Some Lords it bids admire their Wands so white,

Which bloom, like *Aaron’s*, to their ravish’d sight;

Some Lords it bids Resign, and turns their Wands,

Like *Moses*, into Serpents in their hands.

These



These sink, as Divers, for Renown; and boast  
 With pride Inverted of their Honours lost.  
 But against Reason sure 'tis equal sin  
 To boast of meerly being *out*, or *in*.

What numbers, *Here*, thro' odd Ambition strive  
 To seem the most transported Things alive?  
 As if by Joy Desert was understood,  
 And all the fortunate were Wise, or Good.  
 Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,  
 And stifled Groans frequent the Ball, and Play.  
 Compleatly drest by \* *Monteuil* and Grimace,  
 They take their Birth-day suit, and Publick Face;  
 Their smiles are only part of what they *wear*,  
 Put off at night with Lady *B*—'s Hair.  
 What bodily fatigue is half so bad?  
 With anxious Care they labour to be Glad.

What numbers, *Here*, would into Fame advance,  
 Conscious of merit in the Coxcomb's Dance?  
 The Tavern! Park! Assembly! Mask, and Play!  
 Those dear Destroyers of the Tedious day!

\* *A famous Taylor.*



That Wheel of Fops! that Saunter of the Town!  
 Call it Diversion, and the Pill goes down;  
 Fools grin on Fools, and *Stoic*-like, support  
 Without one sigh the Pleasures of a Court.  
 Courts can give nothing to the Wise, and Good,  
 But scorn of Pomp, and love of Solitude.  
 High stations Tumult, but not Bliss create,  
 None think the Great unhappy but the Great;  
 Fools gaze, and envy; Envy darts a sting,  
 Which makes the Swain as wretched as the King.

I envy none their Pageantry, and Show,  
 I envy none the Gilding of their woe.  
 Give me, indulgent Gods! with mind serene,  
 And guiltless heart to range the sylvan scene.  
 No splendid Poverty, no smiling Care,  
 No well-bred Hate, or servile Grandeur There;  
 There pleasing Objects useful thoughts suggest,  
 The Sense is ravish'd, and the Soul is blest;  
 On every Thorn delightful Wisdom grows,  
 In every Rill a sweet Instruction flows:  
 But some unheedful hear the whisp'ring Rill,  
 In spight of sacred Leisure Blockheads still;

E

Nor



Nor shoots up Folly to a nobler bloom  
In her one native foil the Drawing-room.

The *Squire* is *Proud* to see his Courser strain,  
Or well-breath'd Beagles sweep along the plain.  
Say, dear *Hippolitus*, (whose drink is Ale,  
Whose Erudition is a *Christmas*-tale,  
Whose Mistress is saluted with a Smack,  
And Friend receiv'd with Thumps upon the back)  
When thy sleek Gelding nimbly leaps the Mound,  
And *Ringwood* Opens on the tainted ground,  
Is That *thy* Praise? Let *Ringwood's* Fame alone,  
Just *Ringwood* leaves each Animal his own,  
Nor envies when a Gypsy You Commit,  
And shake the clumsy Bench with Country wit;  
When you the dullest of dull Things have said,  
And then ask pardon for the Jest you made.

Here breathe, my Muse! and then thy task renew.  
Ten thousand Fools unfung are still in view.  
Fewer Lay-atheists made by Church-debates;  
Fewer Great Beggars fam'd for large estates;

Ladies,



Ladies, whose Love is constant as the Wind;  
 Cits, who prefer a Guinea to Mankind;  
 Fewer the Lords to *Scr—pe* that humbly bend;  
 Fewer the Shocks a Statesman gives his Friend.

Is there a man of an eternal Vein,  
 Who lulls the Town in Winter with his strain,  
 At *Bath* in Summer chants the reigning Lads,  
 And sweetly Whistles as the Waters pass?  
 Is there a Tongue, like *Delia's* o'er her cup,  
 That runs for ages without Winding up?  
 Is there, whom his Tenth *Epic* mounts to Fame?  
 Such, and such only might exhaust my Theme;  
 Nor would These Heroes of the task be glad;  
 For who can Write so fast as men run Mad.

F I N I S.



*The Second Satire is now in the Press.*



Ladies, whose Love is constant as the Wind;  
 Gits, who prefer a Guinea to Mankind;  
 Fewer the Lords to serve than humbly bend;  
 Fewer the Shocks a Souldier gives his Friend.  
 Is there a man of an eternal Vein,  
 Who lulls the Town in Winter with his strain,  
 At Bawd in Summer chants the reigning Lads,  
 And sweetly whistles as the Waters pass;  
 Is there a Tongue, like Delia's o'er her cup,  
 That runs for ages without Winding up;  
 Is there, whom his Tenth Epic merits to Fame,  
 Such, and such only might exhaust my Theme;  
 Nor would these Heroes of the task be glad;  
 For who can write so fast as men run Mad.

